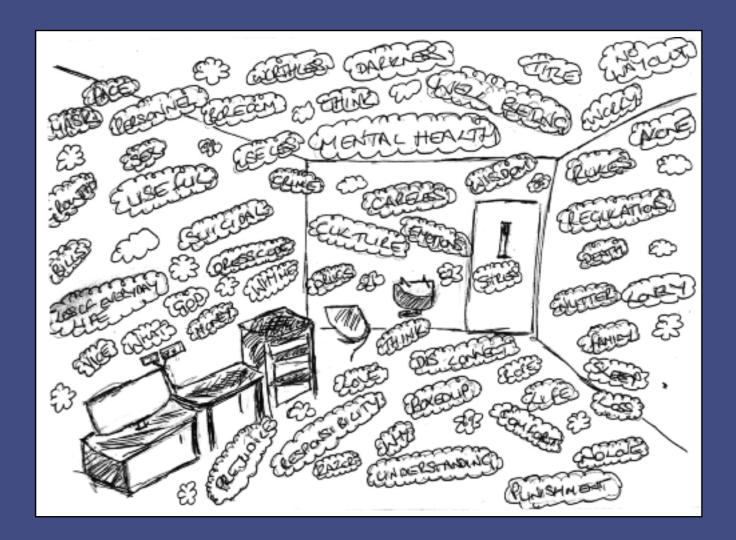
PRISON SERVICE OURILA May 2019 No 243



Special Edition:
The prison crisis

Scatter when they come

Kelly Roberts is an artist and guest performer at Safe Ground's A Matter of Life and Death event, September 2018

Stop! Don't Run Succumb to the power

Of state

Patrolling the slum walls Seeking out those

Destined for a slippery slope

Mischief trip fall Into the tight grip Of incarceration.

Dragged along bars to harden

Then Infected with the incriminating poison.

Decaying bouquets and candle wax cease into Kingsland concrete.

Chocolate loiterers congregate outside corner

shops like vultures

Finding refuge on the sides of pavements Intimidating pedestrians with words unspoken.

I used to know a girl

Displaced in the tower block maze

Brown with curls

She wore gold in her teeth

Skin thick and seasoned like meat Smoking cigarettes in stairs wells Littering the estate with the butts

Of her broken dreams

In the hood she would chill

With the mandem posted up on the block

In the manor

The Siren would sound

A Warning shot! Blues lights flicker in sight

Scatter when they come

Run, Fled! I C fed!

I see 1 male

Taken to reprimand a brother Then another, then another

I see them ambush

A father, a son, a human being

But he was vex and must of resisted arrest

Slammed into the floor Face plastered to the ground

His teeth crushed against tiles dirt cold

Don't move or make a sound He wouldn't want to be Sent down town in a body bag

Don't breathe, it might be his last breath

Respect the authority

Or he could be tackled with brunt violence Finding a knee press up against his chest Pressure tugging tight at the neck

It's porta —call

This is how they serve to protect

And keep us in check With no accountability

Mothers of the minority Bleed tsunami tears

From the bearing of their womb Lying lifeless above scarlet pools Washing away the trauma From a world desensitised To sight of Black Death

The Brown girl's eyes raged red

She cried!

Another black body dead

He died after

Being racially profiled

And Justice was never London met

Death his penalty Another black body

Made victim of police brutality Excessive and unnecessary

Force is used 139 times a day in London Stopped and search 4 times more

Likely to be a suspect Of carrying a sharp object Genetics target capsized by life Then locked up in the pen

Because society never accounted for them.

The brown girl would never committed a crime

But still feared doing the time As stigma lives on the surface her skin Even when innocent she could be taken in

Sat at the back of a cop car Coz nothing aint changed star! The prejudice is still alive

And it thrives in the prison system

Penalising a generating Suffocating at the wrists by Silver bracelets that only shine

Behind their backs.

The brown girl is left with silent screams Spending the day with her 5 year old niece

Siren sounds It's the police

Her niece sinks into her arms

And repeats 'I'm scared of the police' She then knew the fear ran deep.

Does a 5 year old white child have the same fear of the police growing up on London streets?